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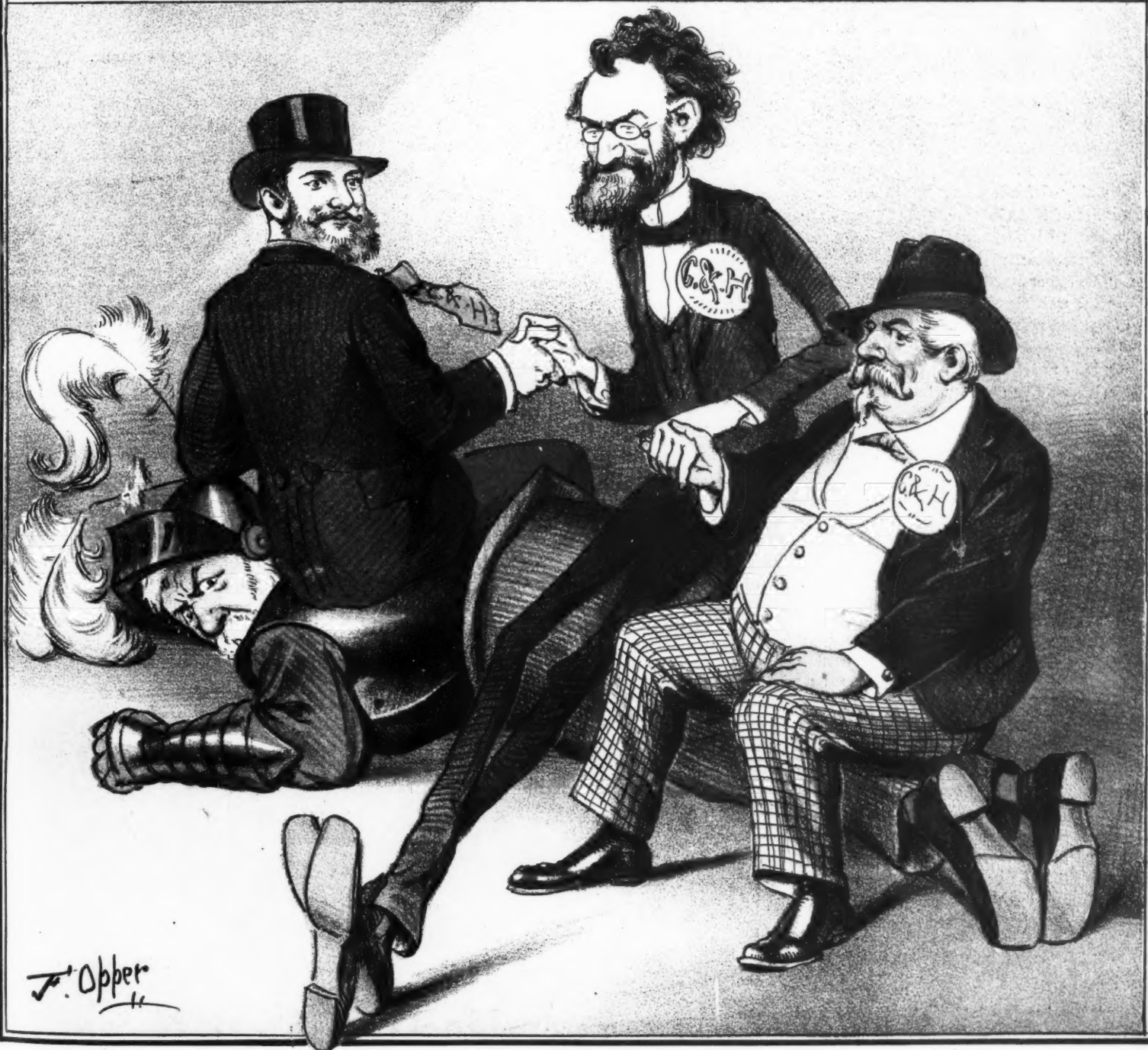


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"THE GERMANS SUPPORTED ME NOBLY."—J. G. Blaine.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - JOS. KEPPLER
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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of PUCK must be handed in on Wednesdays before 3 P. M.

Forms of the 15th page are closed Fridays at noon.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

We go forth not merely to gain a partisan advantage, but pledged to give to those who trust us the utmost benefits of a pure and honest administration of national affairs.—GROVER CLEVELAND.

There is a story of a man who was tried for stealing a pair of trousers. He was ably defended, and the jury brought in a verdict of Not Guilty. The prisoner's counsel collected his fee, and then said to the vindicated statesman:

"Well, get out. You're free."

"I'll wait till *he* goes," returned the victim of slander, pointing to the plaintiff: "I don't want him to see me."

"Why not?"

"'Cause I've got them breeches on."

We note in this a strange analogy to the case of Mr. Blaine. Mr. Blaine has been "vindicated" by a small plurality for the other man. And ever since his vindication he has been doing his best to show his own vindicators that he is clad in the very garments of unrighteousness which his enemies accused him of wearing. Why, the veriest blaniac must be getting ashamed of his idol by this time. Here a whole Summer he has been set up on a pedestal and advertised as a patriot and a statesman; a wise and temperate leader, a sound conservative guardian of the best interests of the country. And no sooner does the colossal sham find out that he cannot get the Presidency than he bursts forth with the most intemperate and abusive and unstatesmanlike of speeches—a shamelessly unpatriotic tirade—a discourse intended to rouse sectional hatred, to set North against South, to undo the good work of twenty years of peace, to rouse the passions that fed on blood and fire a generation ago.

That is, this unscrupulous politician is willing to make the worst possible mischief between the people of the North and the people of the South, just to satisfy his own spite and malice.

He cannot have descended to this piece of devilry to serve any political ends, for he can have no political ends to serve. He will never again be the Republican party's candidate for the Presidency. His miserable outbreak of vicious temper can do no more than relieve his angry spirit. He talks like a child, chafing under the rod. It is fortunate for the country that his anger is wholly impotent.

The "Solid South" is no longer a bugbear. Solid or severed, the South means no harm to this union of States. Slavery is dead. State Sovereignty is dead. The South would not revive them if it could. Even if no other principles were concerned, the argument of the pocket is against those institutions of the past. The people of the South are prospering as loyal citizens of a free government, and there is nothing in the four years in which they tried a different experiment to tempt them to go back to secession and anarchy. And since they no longer want the things for which they fought, they are unlikely to renew a quarrel of which they have learned the inevitable ending.

This is putting the thing in a sordid way, and a way that is unjust to the South. We believe, and any one who honestly studies the temper of the Southern people will be brought to believe with us, that the South is as loyal a section of the country to-day as the East or the West. There are irreconcilables down there yet, who would like to try the case of secession over again. But there are demagogues here at the North, men like the orator of Augusta, who would be just as ready to incite sectional division, if they could benefit themselves thereby.

It is what is popularly called a "stand-off" between the two classes. Both are mischievous; neither is likely to accomplish any mischief. The good sense of the people will hold them in check, North and South. And here let it be said that the tone of the Southern journals, since and before the election, should be, for patriotic temperance and wisdom, a model to those light-headed journalists—few in number, thank heaven!—who have capped their blainiacal midsummer madness with insane praise of their ex-leader's firebrand speech.

All that that speech will do is this: it will show a great many men who voted for Mr. Blaine what a mistake they have made, and it will give those who opposed him added reason to be thankful that the country has escaped the great peril of being governed by a man so mean of soul and so malicious of spirit. Nobody looks for a reign of anarchy under the administration of Grover Cleveland. Nobody expects that he will have to turn his energies to battling against the re-enslavement of the negroes. Nobody imagines that the phantom of State Sovereignty will trouble his calm. Nobody looks for a flood of gore in Washington streets.

The worst perplexities that lie before our President-elect are the squelching of office-seekers, in which he is an expert, and the managing of the White House as a bachelor's hall. And here, for the first time since his nomination, we will offer our excellent friend, Mr. Cleveland, a piece of advice. We would respectfully submit to him that the remarks of the late St. Paul on matrimony have our full and hearty approval and concurrence.

A GREAT NAVAL DISASTER.



ANOTHER UNITED STATES CRUISER RUN DOWN BY AN UNKNOWN SCHOONER.

THE LAST CHANCE.

Why, O Philostratus, is the respectable old chump piping my son, is conversing with the off the itinerant knife-grinder? itinerant knife-grinder because

he perceives the humor of the situation.

And what, O Philostratus, is the gag that the chump in the silker has got on to?

This is the merry jest, O misled child of slang: the itinerant has got the job of grinding the erasers for various department offices in Washington.

Well, that is a pudding for the grinder, and he has a cold right to smile; but where does the guffaw come in for the general public?

O my son, do you not yourself see why those erasers are being ground?

No, I cannot truly say, Philostratus, that my bulging intellect has got the reason down very fine.

Sweet youth, is not Cleveland elected President of the United States?

Philostratus, I have reason to believe so. I have collected all my bets on him, and have been wheeled in a barrow thrice around the public square.

Then, my pretty child, Mr. Cleveland being elected, is there not an overhauling of the government accounts looming up in the not far distant future?

There is, indeed, Philostratus. There is a large, able-bodied chance.

Then are you on to the eraser business now?

Philostratus, I am on.



A POINT FOR THE PUGILISTS.

It seems that glove-fights are things of the dreamy past in New York. This will bring a deep grief to many souls, and is likely to wrap Mr. John L. Sullivan, Mr. Al. Greenfield and Mr. Dominick McCaffrey up in several parcels of assorted gloom.

But we can see a ray of hope ahead for them. Their occupation is not wholly gone. There is a chance yet for the exercise of their peculiar talents.

We claim the credit of having found this golden opportunity. We found it with our eagle eye; we yanked it out of the dim phantasmagoria of possibility, and we offer it to them free of charge.

The idea beamed on us even as the New World beamed on the sight of Columbus when we read the reports, last week, of the foot-ball game between the eleven of the Stevens Institute of Hoboken and the Graduates' team. This game was reported in the various daily papers, and it created much surprise among the general public. At the time of its occurrence it also created much surprise among the gentlemen of the Graduates' eleven, who went to Hoboken to play foot-ball, and found themselves invited to a rough-and-tumble fight with some three hundred Stevens students.

From the careful study of the ways and manners of the young gentlemen of the Stevens Institute, as reported in the papers, it seems

clear to us that they would welcome New York's outcast pugilists as almost ideal associates. Stevens evidently yearns for Sullivan; she opens her sympathetic arms to him; her foot-ball team waits to greet him as its captain and chief exemplar.

Of course, we are not sure that the pugilists will care to resign themselves to such a future. In casting their lot with the young gentlemen of Stevens, they must accustom themselves to rougher manners than they have hitherto known. They cannot expect the ordinary courtesies of social life. A stern and Spartan code of social intercourse obtains in those halls of learning. Such vain conventionalities of courtesy and good nature as prevail in the Madison Square Garden are scorned by the young chevaliers of Stevens.

It will be but a rough life for Sullivan and Greenfield and McCaffrey. Yet it is apparently all that is open to them.

Dear Blaine:

I ain't never been so grammatical as you. But your mouth don't seem to be no more of a friend to you than mine is. Won't you go halves with me on a great gob of silence?

Yours true, J. A. L-G-N.

MR. SULLIVAN has been famous in connection with "knocking out of time." Now that he has been indicted by the Grand Jury, he may have a chance to see how much he can "knock out" of six months on the Island.

Puckerings.



THE Winter has come again,
The ground is white with snow,
And nixey a big plump robin
Chants in the after-glow.

There is n't a faded leaf
On the branch of any tree,
And there are no honeysuckles
And no gold-belted bee.

I'm lonely and sad at heart;
Nothing have I to do
But dream of departed Summer
And the boarders who here did woo.

I fancy I see them still
Out there beneath the moon
Among the dreaming flowers,
The while they softly spoon.

In the early part of June
With the rosebuds they appeared,
And left in red October
When the time for husking neared.

I made me lots of cash
Keeping a boarding-house,
And instead of their merry laughter
I only hear the mouse.

I tell you what I'll do—
'Twill be a paying sport—
I'll make this festive farm-house
A Winter health resort.

I'll speak of the bracing air
As tonic and mild and fine,
And of the balsamic odors
All coming from the pine.

And I shall fill my house,
And while I hold the fort
I'll rake in many ducats—
Hurrah for the health resort!

BLAINE OUGHT to have saved up some votes against that "rainy day."

DR. BURCHARD prayed that he might not be responsible for Blaine's defeat. He can't pray much better than he talks, apparently.

WE BELIEVED right along in Cleveland's election. But now that Mr. Blaine comes out and says himself that Cleveland is elected, we naturally think that doubt is cast upon the result. This is positively the first time that we have doubted it.

WHEN THE Autumn has finally departed with all its subtle mutability of dainty tints, and the robin has flown for the sunnier bowers of the everglades, and the gray silent days follow each other in solemn procession into the Winter, and the snow sifts itself softly down on all political animosities, and you pick up a paper containing an article on the holy influences of Christmas-tide, don't finish that article, because you will be sure to find at the end a notice of the fact that McCracken & Hagadorn are offering a choice lot of crockery at thirty per cent below cost to clear the stock out.

WHERE IS SAZERAC?

"Ten years ago," observed the Colonel: "I accompanied a party of gentlemen down the coast of Georgia on a deer-hunt. We camped on a small thickly-wooded island in the mouth of a bayou, where the deer were known to be plenty, and made our arrangements to stop there until we had bagged a pair of horns apiece, if it took all Winter. As we were all experienced hunters, we adopted a rule, more in sport than anything else, that any man who made a miss that was inexcusable should be flogged with the tail of a shark. You never saw a shark's tail, did you? Well, when it is dried and cleaned, it makes the most savage-looking whip that ever was invented. A cat-o'-nine-tails is a paper-soled slipper in comparison with it.

"It was early in October, I think, when the first hunt was inaugurated. About sunrise, the beaters started out with the hounds to the further side of the island, and we scattered ourselves in various stands, where the deer would be obliged to pass in their flight. I was given the choicest place of all, nearest the camp, and at the foot of a long run, where I could command a view of fifty rods of cleared ground.

I seated myself behind a clump of brush, lighted my pipe, and made myself comfortable; for I knew the deer wouldn't get my way until noon, unless some miracle should happen to hurry them. After smoking and dozing in the hot sun for several hours, I was awakened by the bay of the dogs in the distance. At intervals the sharp crack of a rifle started the echos, and I knew some one had escaped a whipping, or earned one, according to the state of his nerves. The fun had begun.

"I laid down my pipe, picked up my rifle, and prepared for my turn. I didn't have long to wait. The cries of the hounds grew louder and nearer, and in a few minutes a magnificent buck bounded into the run and stopped thirty yards away from my stand. I carefully raised my gun, took a deliberate aim at his ribs, and fired. The second the smoke cleared away I fired again. After looking at me for an instant in a dazed sort of way, the deer dashed lightly into the woods and disappeared. It wasn't even wounded. I could have clubbed myself from mortification. In a few minutes the rest of the party came up and asked where the buck was. Some of them had shot at him, too. I had to tell them the truth, though I would have preferred being kicked, and I was promptly assigned to a chief place among those condemned to punishment.

"We had killed three deer, and after one had been cooked and discussed around the camp-fire, arrangements were begun for the castigation. The biggest man in the party, who, fortunately for him, had killed his buck, was appointed executor, and the smallest man among the prisoners was led out for punishment. My turn came next. The blows were given with a hearty will, and the unlucky prisoner had all he could do to keep his tears back.

"Now, I never did like to get hurt; so, when they made a break in my direction, I slipped by them, and, running to the creek, I plunged in, and never stopped until I reached the other side. I was standing in water up to my waist, and was just preparing to rest myself, when I noticed something in the water, directly between me and the shore I had just left. It looked to me as large as the side of a house. It was shaped like a torpedo-boat, and was about a foot below the surface of the water. On either side of it were two short arms, which kept constantly fluttering in the water. Directly in front of it were two dull green eyes as large as saucers staring at me like dead men's eyes. It was a man-eating shark. It haunted me for months. I dream of it now every time I have the nightmare.

"Men think quickly sometimes, and this was one of those times. Without waiting for a second to pass, I plunged into the water again, right in the face of the monster, and swam lustily for the other shore, kicking meanwhile like a stern-wheel steamer. In the middle of the stream I looked back over my shoulder and saw the brute still at my heels. His dead eyes were fixed vacantly on me, and it seemed to me that I saw him wink as if he appreciated my dilemma; but I may be mistaken about that.

"I redoubled my efforts and put my whole soul into my legs. As I reached the shore I turned again. The shark had rolled on his side and opened a mouth large enough to swallow me whole. One second later and I would have been—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted a nervous little man, who had been absorbed in the tale: "he didn't eat you, of course?"

"No," responded the Colonel, disgustedly: "I ate him." B. N.

SHAVING MATERIALS—A Piece of Soft Pine and a Plane.

THIS is the time when the poet writes about fading days, in which the drumming of the partridge and the piping of the quail are intermingled with the babble of the brook in the purple gloaming, and all that sort of stuff. The days don't fade any more in Autumn than any other time. What has the fading of the leaves and straw hats got to do with fading days? You might just as well call May days fading days, because at that time the radishes fade from the free lunch counter about as swiftly as they can be put on it.

AT THE WINDOW.

There is the damsel over the way,
Cleaning the windows the whole of the day,
Rubbing and scrubbing with might and with main,
She's polishing gaily the old window-pane.

You see by her looks she is cultured and sweet,
Her movement is graceful, her figure *petite*,
The belle she's acknowledged of Cranberrytown
When she wears her poke bonnet and Phyllis-like gown.



The heart of the dude ever goes pit-a-pat
When he sees her trip by in her new Winter hat,
And sees the light play on the neat seal-skin sacque
That ripples and shines all the way down her back.

You ask why she's working with might and with main,
A-rubbing and scrubbing that old window-pane?
We'll tell you: this morning, so sunny and gay,
The servant got angry and dusted away.

A CAMPAIGN ALPHABET.

A is the Anchor cast windward in vain;
B is Ben Butler, Ball, Burchard and Blaine;
C is for Cleveland, who White House has won;
D's spiteful Dana, who railed in the *Sun*;
E is for Elkins, so child-like in look;
F is "Dear" Fisher, with Blaine on the "hook";
G is Gould's dinner, where Evarts said Grace;
H, Hocking Valley—an optional place;
I is the Irish, who voted so Pat;
J is for Jones, who kept passing the hat;
K is for Kelly, gone Butler to meet;
L is the Mul-Logan Letters complete;
M is the Mugwumps, who killed Jay Gould Blaine;
N is his funeral Notice in Maine;
O is "Ohio Blaine bets I can't pay";
P's People's Party, that fizzled away;
Q is the G. O. P.'s Quarrels, now come;
R's Romanism, Rebellion and Rum;
S, "Soap" and Scandals, made both out of lye;
T's the Tall Tower, with flags in the sky;
U's the Uprising that saved us from Blaine;
V is the Votes that tattooed him again;
W's Workingman's friends—Whitelaw, Walter;
X their Xcursion up; River—none salter;
Y's the Young editor, dazed and dejected;
Z is the Zany who thought Blaine elected.

H. C. DODGE.

HINTS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

III.

Never let your children come to the table until you are quite sure that they won't undertake to do all the talking. This you should make a law when you have company. Tell the company that there isn't room for them. You are never safe with the children at the table. If there is anything you don't want known, it will be told then. The boy who never noticed that the spoons were plated will shout as though giving you valuable information:

"Oh, see the gold coming through the spoon!"

And that same boy will say he wishes it was Sunday, and when your guest asks him why, he will reply:

"Because we always have pie on Sunday."

You will find out he knows a great deal that you never suspected he knew, and you will be at a loss to ascertain how he ever equipped himself with the facts. A boy at the table is a well-spring of displeasure. If his sister is kissed by any one, he is always the person to witness the performance, and tells of it at the table before a crowd. He is always the one to give to the world the fact that his sister uses powder, and wears false teeth, and is thirty-two years old. If there is a mortgage on the place, the boy hears you speak of it, and then goes around talking about it as though it were something to be pointed to with pride and pleasure. Everything you say in the bosom of your family that should not be repeated the boy repeats, and he always has the faculty of repeating it at the wrong time and to the wrong person.

If you say the clergyman's sermons are too long or too dry, the boy will take it all in, and say nothing until the clergyman comes around to make his regular visit, and then he will let it out just after you have entered the room. If you say the doctor is not fit to cure hams, he will jump up on the doctor's knee, when he calls, and smilingly say:

"Oh, doctor, mama says you ain't fit to cure hams!"

The old adage that boys will be boys ought to be changed to boys will be fiends. One boy is more bother than half-a-dozen girls. The boy is always in mischief. When he is at school, he is studying up some kind of devilry to perpetrate when school is out. Or else he is playing tricks on the teacher. When he is at home, he is twisting the cat's tail, or disturbing her hearth-stone dreams with a bean-shooter. If there is no cat to torment, he will torment his little sister by making faces at her, or dressing the dog up in her doll's clothes.

BEWARE OF THE BOARDING-HOUSE BOOK-CASE BED.



FATHER.—“You have very pleasant rooms here, George; but where on earth is your bed?”

The Question Answered.

LORD AND LADY.

Mr. E. Gwendolyn Tollemache presided at the meeting of the Anglicised Snobocracy last week. The meeting was held at the palatial residence of Mr. G. Washington Boggs, and a large number of representatives of our first families were present. The question which came up for discussion was: “How can we import English titles into this country?”

Mr. Tollemache, in opening the discussion, said that this question had disturbed the upper classes for fully half a century. Various solutions had been proposed for it, but none had been found to be entirely satisfactory. English noblemen, rich and poor, and of all grades of character, good and bad, had been imported; but they had been found troublesome, not to say expensive, and when they were gone their entertainers were rather worse than better off. The English lords had shown a fondness for jockeying, whiskey and servant-girls entirely inconsistent with their presumed respectability. While such conduct could be pardoned in a lord, yet it had its inconveniences in American society. Besides this, the English lords had assumed airs of such contemptuous patronage of their American hosts that further forbearance was no longer possible. The only method now was to devise some means of ennobling our own aristocracy, so that we might be independent of a foreign supply.

Mr. M. Meyer Fagan said he quite agreed with the last speaker. He had himself an idea, which he thought would fit like the paper on the wall. Let all the upper classes make up their minds and call each other by certain fixed titles, and then carefully carry out the plan. As an instance, when Mr. G. Washington Boggs had been called Earl Boggs for a few years, the title would become firmly attached to his name.

Mr. Fagan sat down in a dead silence, as his remarks seemed to please no one except Mr. Boggs, who came over and shook hands with him warmly.

Miss S. Gladys Capet said that the American

aristocracy now exhibited all the marked characteristics of the English aristocracy, and only titles were wanting to complete the *mise en scene*. (Applause.) We wear English clothes, have crests on our carriages, imitate an English accent, carry English canes and garments to such an extent that a genuine Anglicised American could hardly be distinguished from a real live lord, except in one respect—an inability to keep a single eye-glass in his eye without scowling frightfully. (Laughter and applause.) She thought that if Americans would subscribe large sums of money for the benefit of the poor of London, the Queen might be induced to distribute a few titles on this side of the water.

Mrs. L. Grière Desplans objected strenuously to this scheme. She said that titles without money were as good as no titles at all, and that if we paid out all our money to buy titles, we should have nothing to support them on when we received them. (Great applause.)

On motion of Mr. Lespinasse Delacrème, a committee of three was appointed to devise a plan for obtaining titles, and to report within ten minutes.

Mr. P. L. Ferdinande Smythe, and J. Jessup Grabb were appointed to assist Mr. Delacrème on the committee. Ten minutes later the committee reported a plan. They proposed to call the eldest male child of each aristocratic family by a title instead of a Christian name. For instance, to call Jimmy Boggs Earl Boggs, Joanny Cram, Duke Cram; and so on.

On motion, the report of the committee was disagreed with, and the meeting adjourned.

W. R. BENJAMIN.

OUT ON the back piazza

The breezes sadly whine,

And tilts the chirping sparrow

Upon the leafless vine.

We know that it's almost Winter,

For the deacons come to force

Us to buy a season-ticket

For their Lyceum lecture course.

SAPPHO'S RECORD.

ANNETTE G.—You're the young lady who wanted to know who Semiramis was, are you? Well, Annette, we will tell you all about Sappho.

Sappho was a poetess. She was a female poetess. She is now dead, among other things. All that is left of her now in this great throbbing universe, sparkling and palpitating with myriad forms of life and happiness, is her deadness. But there is enough of that left to last her a long while yet. She will never need be any deader than she is now. If she stays as dead as she is now she will stand a good chance alongside of any other corpse on the shining roll of history. Every year adds to the grim solidity of her deadness.

And, O Annette G., if you could only realize on what a pinnacle of superiority to all living female poetesses her deadness places her! We can realize it. The living female poetesses are always with us. But Sappho, dear, gentle, considerate Sappho, is dead. There isn't an editor in this country who doesn't love Sappho for being dead. There isn't an editor who does n't wish that the rest of the female poetesses would emulate her bright example.

If you know any female poetesses, Annette G., just put them on to this beautiful quality of Sappho's. Tell them they needn't mind about building fine poems. That is a side issue. The deadness is the great point in which Sappho has the call on them all. Tell them that if they can catch up with her on the deadness, nobody will ask anything more of them.

Never forget, Annette G., that we love Sappho for her deadness.

“I'll hie me,” said the boy,
And his bosom swelled with joy:
“I'll hie me to the woods and there I'll shoot,”
And he did, alack! alack!
Now he's lying on his back,
And he knows when he gets out of bed he'll
only need one boot. J. P. D.

SENSES RETURNS.

"Say, Jack," queried Tom: "what's your opinion of this? A sentimental writer in this magazine observes, with considerable effusiveness, that certain incidents in one's early life are frequently recalled by hearing a song that was popular in the long ago. You are more than a dozen years my senior, and probably you have had events of other days brought back by hearing an ancient and favorite air warbled?"

"You're right," replied Jack: "Your sentimental writer observes correctly. I'll give you an illustration. One night nearly twenty years ago a pleasure-boat containing four persons might have been seen on a certain river in a Northern State. I was one of the four. The other three were two ladies and a gentleman. The pale moon shone as if it was glimmering by contract, bathing the waters in a silvery sheen; the willows standing, sentinel-like, along the near shore were gloomily shadowed in the river, and my arms were nearly pulled out of their sockets with rowing against the current. One of the young ladies, a stranger in our neighborhood, who was visiting a friend, suddenly broke forth in a tornado of song. In a silk-velvet voice she began to warble 'Way down upon the Suwanee River.'

"Talk about your two-thousand-dollar-a-night Patti, including 90 per cent of the proceeds, and traveling expenses paid! The voice of the sweet singer in the boat poured out the pathetic old song in a torrent of melodiousness, filling the silent night from shore to shore with a cyclone of sforzandos, cavatinas, cadenzas, andantes, addendas, tremolos, and other high-priced operatic things. I was paralyzed. In these days of improved slang you would call it 'mashed.' I made the oars keep time with the song, and rowing was changed from hard work to pleasing pastime. The richness of her voice was only equaled by the beauty of her face. I accompanied the young lady home at a late hour, with a strange fluttering of the heart, and next morning her front name—Helen—had taken such complete possession of my thoughts that I found myself scribbling it on scraps of paper—just as that Shakspeare simpleton sculpt Rosalind's appellation on trunks of trees with his jack-knife. He had also heard an angel sing.

"There was a wound in my heart and five or six painful blisters in the palms of my hands. The former was inflicted by Helen; the latter by the handles of the oars. The blisters in the hands healed more rapidly than the wound in the heart. Ah, hum! I saw Helen the other day. She had five children and no front teeth. But whenever I hear a singer warble 'Suwanee River,' Tom, I am wafted back to the night of the boat-ride; again I hear the silk-velvet-voiced young lady; my heart thumps with renewed thumpness, and I unconsciously look in my hands for the blisters.

"Yes, the sense of hearing is a success in recalling incidents, circumstances, events, episodes and things of the long ago. When I hear the ominous growlings of a bull-dog, I can also, in my mind, hear the voice of an old farmer crying 'Sic 'im!' and I see a small boy going endways over a five-rail fence surrounding an apple-orchard, and striking out for home and liberty, with the dog coming in a good second and the farmer a poor third. As Wilson Barrett says, 'I was that boy.'

"And hearing is not the only sense that is a huge success in materializing a panorama of the past. There's smelling, for instance. A score of years ago I escorted a farmer's pretty daughter home from singing-school. She was redolent with a rather loud brand of perfumery—an extract new to my nostrils. In the midst of an interesting discussion at the front gate about the weather and the crops and so forth,

her father emerged from the house and made a derogatory and personal remark, and I went right away from there. I didn't linger ten seconds. Something in the old man's eye, and on his feet, convinced me that it would have been more unhealthy to stop there five minutes than to visit a cholera hospital. Twenty years have flown by on electric pinions since that night, and yet, whenever my olfactory organ is assailed by the perfumery with which the farmer's daughter was saturated—as it frequently is—Time turns backward in its flight, and I am again at the granger's gate holding sweet converse with his seventeen-year-old offspring of the female persuasion; and the father's remark and threatening attitude are so vividly recalled that I instinctively put my hand around in the vicinity of my hip-pocket to protect my rear, as it were."

"And the senses of feeling and seeing—how about them?" asked Tom.

"Well," replied Jack: "the ability of the sense of feeling to recall things is illustrated in the singing-school and farmer's pretty daughter episode, and it is not necessary to further dwell upon it. It is too painful. The sense of seeing will recall one thing and another with such sudden and impetuous celerity that it makes your head swim. For instance, you may have ordered a pair of boots ten years ago and told the dealer that you would pay him next Saturday night. The little incident soon slips from your memory, of course. It naturally would. You go away from the city and remain ten years. Then you return, and as you are walking down the street you see old Peggs, the shoe-dealer, approaching, and there's nothing that comes rushing into your memory with such overwhelming rushness as the forgotten fact that you owe him ten dollars for those boots. And, by a singular coincidence, the first thing the shoe-dealer thinks of when he catches a glimpse of your form is also the identical ten dollars. It is remarkable, but it is true."

"And how about tasting?" interrogated Tom.

"As an old-time reminder, tasting is no slouch. I was only sixteen years old when I

visited a cousin in the country. One afternoon, while out in the fields, a boy who worked on a farm, and wore a straw hat and freckles in November, dug a small bulb out of the ground with his pocket-knife, and handing it to me, asked if I ever tasted a May apple. He said it was more delicious than a peach. If I had ever tasted a May apple, my memory had failed to retain a grip on the circumstance. I bit the bulb in half and chewed on it nearly a second before the conflagration broke out. Then my mouth felt as if I had attempted to swallow a million double-pointed needles and wash 'em down with molten iron. The tears ran from my eyes and language from my lips. The rural fiend had played it on me. His May apple was an Indian turnip, and you know what latent deviltry and innate cussedness repose in one of those pungent bulbs! If I were to nibble a small piece of Indian turnip this minute, I would instantly feel a blast-furnace in my mouth, and see myself, in the long ago, armed with a club, in pursuit of the Jesse James who gave me the May apple. Oh, I tell you, Tom, the sense of tasting doesn't take a back seat in recalling the happy days of childhood!"

And Jack gave a few vigorous expectorations, as if the Indian turnip was still getting in its hot work.

J. H. W.

THE CANADIAN SLOPE—The Cashier's.

No BEE in the garden's flying
About the lily-stalk,
And down in the purple gloaming
The cat-bird's ceased to squawk.

Up in the leafless chestnut
The owl no longer hoots,
And when you approach the gobbler,
For the woods he swiftly scoots.

A MAN is not a bit happier than a humming-bird in a lily when he receives a box containing the hat he won on the election, and on opening it finds it to be a straw one.

MODERN MYTHOLOGY.

A COME-DOWN WITH THE ROLLING CENTURIES.



Where is the goddess Flora,
Fair guardian of the flowers,
Whose blessing hovers o'er a
Bright wilderness of bowers?

O'er ancient history's pages
A glamour sweet she throws,
No one of poets and sages
Her dainty charm but knows.

Her benisons were gracious—
With free and kindly hand
She rained on barren spaces
Her flowers by zephyrs fanned.

Where has the goddess vanished
In these prosaic times?
Her temples' priests are banished—
The bards who sung her rhymes.

And here, upon the corner,
Her grim successor sits,
A dame both old and orner-
y. She bears the name of Schmitz.

Hard is the cold world's collar,
And deep the poet's woes—
She charges him a dollar
For just two Jacqueminots.

C. ASH.

FREDDY'S SLATE
AND HIS LITTLE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.



newyoarknovembirtwenteyfith
dear puck
jim jonson an i we cut it pritney Fat as far
As funn gose wen there is funn goen on wee
doant gett left
we hav bin doon a nue ackt it Wos ferserate
so far as itt went butt If it gose as farr as my
pop it will be A coled day four me
there is a chumpp liven A roun the cawner
a chumpp is a man Whoos is no goode thiss
mans naim Is robberts he is mener than a nold
gote he is sow mene he starvs him sell to saive
his own bord
we hav bin puttin up A rigg on that man we
is jim jonson An me moastley me
we went A rownd las nite An put poasters
on his howce about the sighs off sircus poasters
won poaster ced

free turkeys
given
a way
here

an the uther wun ced

step up
An get
youer turkies

then we toled orl the boys two pas it round
that oled robberts was given a waigh thankce-
given turkies the boys cort on An did itt
puck you jest orter hav cene that howce This
mornen thare wer a bout too hunded An ceven-
teyate peple orl in lyn a waten four thare tur-
kies
orl the poore fokes in The distric wer rite
thare on dec an oled mari robberts was a looken
owt off The winder horrer strich with his hare
standen Up an aggany painated on his feechers
o it wos bos
but iff the oled man fines owt Whoos did itt
thare wil be worm times four mee an 'im jonson
youers un ezy
freddy
p s cen bac my slaight kineder quite

CURRENT COMMENT.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR is as blithe and happy
as a Union Square actor on being asked to
take a beer, just now. Because his subscribers
are coming in every five minutes offering tur-
keys and cider for their subscriptions. And if
the editor's head is level he will call in the
town and get up a raffle, and sell the cider out
by the glass. And then, when the crowd is suf-
ficiently overcome by the cider, the editor
might raffle off all the political roosters in the
office on them for plump corn-fed Thanksgiv-
ing turkeys.

A THEATRICAL NEWSPAPER advertises "A gen-
uine success! The new comedy spectacle, 'Off
to Egypt.'" As a comedy spectacle we be-
lieve that even Mr. Gladstone will admit that it
is a success; but the tax-payers of old England
may have doubts as to its being a success in
any other way.

"PLUCK BRINGS LUCK" is the title of a new
play. That's all right, but it depends on what
you pluck. There isn't much luck in plucking a
rose that has a hornet concealed on its prem-
ises.

THE GOBBLER now hides his head under his
wing when he retires to rest on the topmost
limb of the old button-ball; but very shortly
that old dome of thought will lie unnoticed on
the ground, and the wing will be used to brush
up the fire-place with. Alas, alack, awelladay,
life is as brief as the seat of last year's trousers.

IT MUST be a very rainy day when Cleveland
gets left.

Answers for the Aurious.

J. J.—Thanks.
W. F., Pulaski, Ill.—As far as we know.
CYRIL DE VERE.—There is too much ribbon-counter
about your poem.
PERIWINKLE.—Put an ulster on your Summer verse,
if you don't want to get it frozen out of a December
paper.
JOHN, Jr.—Coachman poem No. 927,311. Yes. We
have your contribution numbered and filed away. If it
is not mildewed by the time we reach it, it shall be sent
back to you, wrapped around a cake of dynamite.
DELANCEY.—We know who you are. You are the
man that English papers speak of as "a wag." Indeed,
we are not sure but that you belong to the variety known
as the "mad wag." You're a desperately funny creature,
you are. Go back to London.

A NOVEMBER DREAM.

Now that the solemn white veil of Winter
is settling down over the land, and the tinkle
of Christmas chimes is coming to us slowly, my
mind goes back through the lonely past and
dwells with fond and tearful recollection on
the things that fled with Summer. Oh, the
glories of those Summer nights when the moon-
light, "the light that was made for lovers,"
flooded the hills and vales, and made the world
so weirdly beautiful that I could think only of
Coleridge's exclamation: "How glorious a
thing it is to live." How I used to sally forth
into those nights with my fragrant Havana be-
tween my lips and saunter across the silver-
flooded fields to a little Queen Anne cottage,
whose modest, retiring aspect would never have
led one to suspect that it cost about \$9,000.

Within that cottage there dwelt a maiden.
Shall I tell you of her gold-brown hair, that
waved in graceful disorder around her alaba-
ster brow; of her great, soulful brown eyes that
spoke so much more than her words; of her
ruby lips, her pearly teeth, her rose-tinted cheeks,
and her graceful, eloquent hands? Shall I?
No; I shall not, because she had none of these,
being red-headed and green-eyed, and having
a complexion as brilliant as that of a Blue Point
oyster.

But I felt that my existence would be incom-
plete without her. I yearned for her. She was
her father's only child, and he was seventy and
worth six millions of standard dollars.

I admired that old man. And I let him see
it—not by coarse, brazen flattery; but by a
gentle, insinuating tenderness that was well cal-
culated to win his soul.

And I remember, too, the ornate wooden
fence over which I leaned as I poured soft
nothings into her ear by the pail-full.

And I remember the airy, fairy little New
Jersey mosquito that flew around my head and
hummed "a surly hymn" in accompaniment
to my poetic language.

"Ah, gentle mosquito," thought I: "you
are the true music of nature. You are never
in a bad humor. No matter where you may
be, you are always singing merrily at your work,
performing your humble share in the great la-
bor of the universe with a thankful heart and a
glad voice. We may all learn a few lessons in
cheerfulness from you."

And now it is the cold, drear time of Winter.
And I look back and think of the glories of
the Summer that is dead and gone, and the
salt tear meanders down the left side of my
nose.

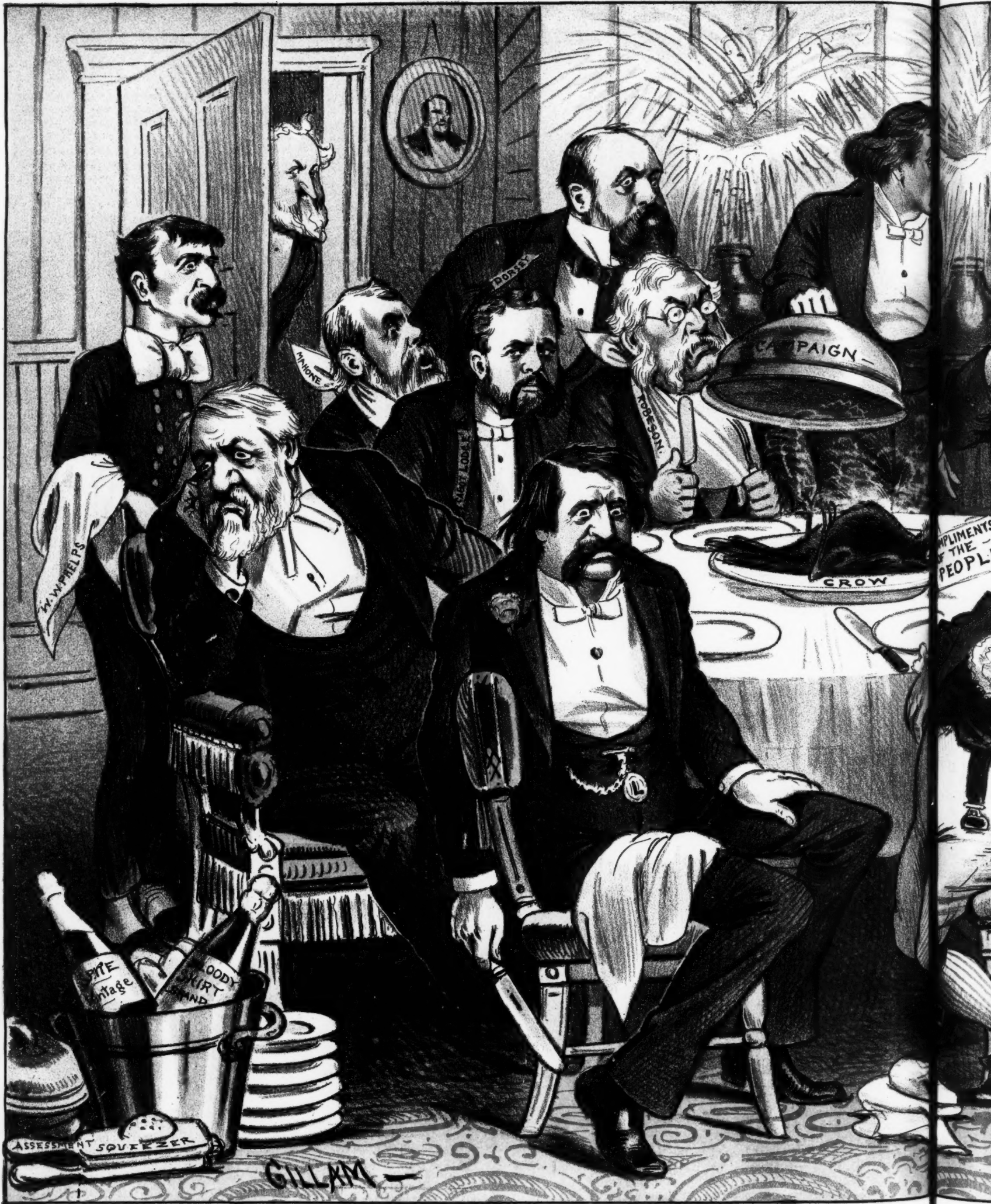
The girl is gone—gone with my dreams and
thirteen dollars' worth of oysters into the realms
of the irrevocable past.

The old man, that dear old man, is gone,
too. I shall never see him more—not if he
can help it.

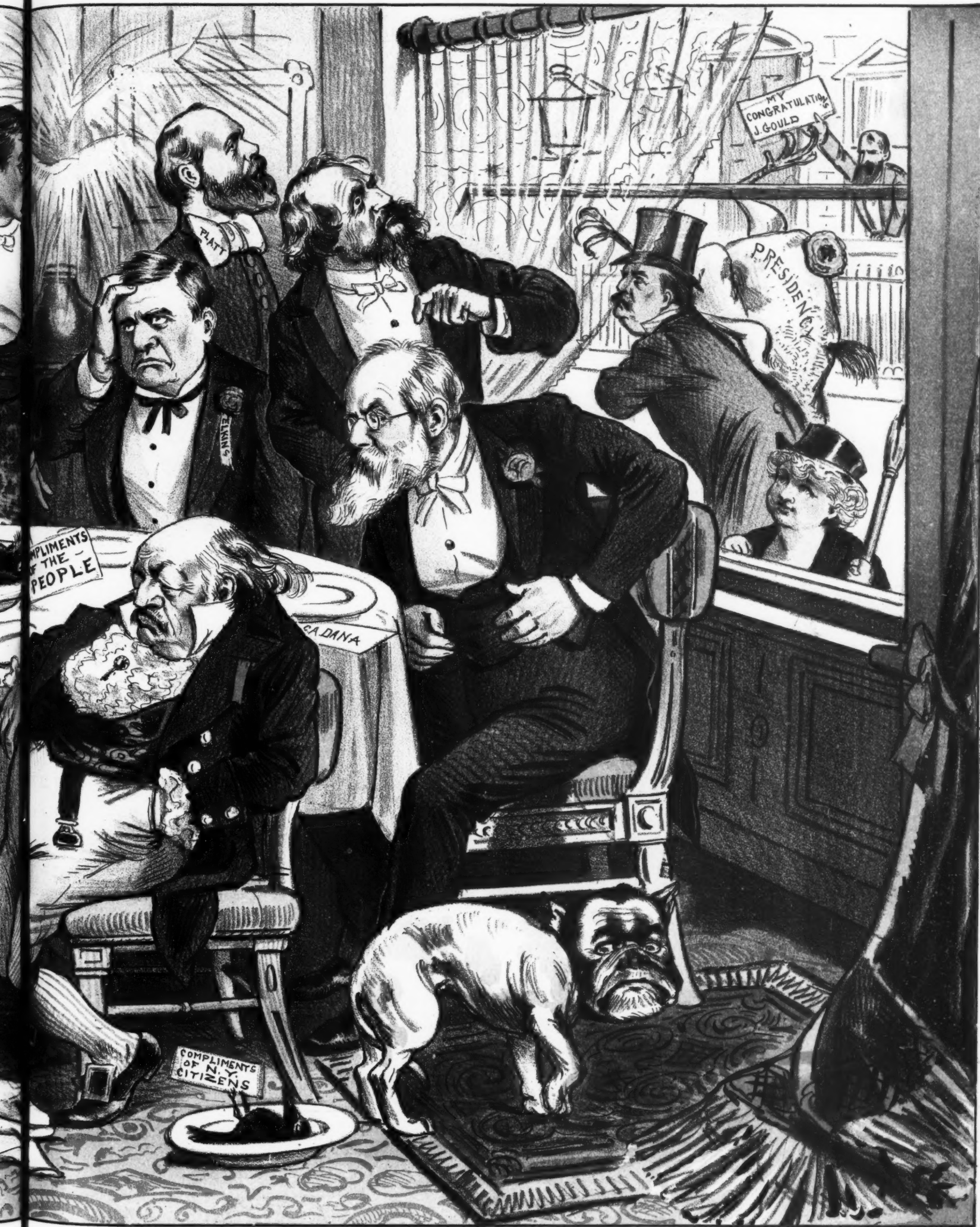
And the mosquito—even the merry, singing,
frolicsome little mosquito—he is gone, too. For
one night, when there were mutterings of thun-
der in the murky west, and sharp, vivid flashes
of lightning shot athwart the firmament, and
the wind wailed forebodingly in the dark trees,
I was seized with one of those sudden, uncon-
trollable impulses to destroy that overmaster us
when we behold snakes and dudes and mince-
pies and such, and, with a horrid tumult in my
veins, I raised my hand and smote him. And
he was not.

Thus one by one the glories of Summer fade
and pass away, and we begin to spar around
for Winter overcoats, and wonder where we'll
be when the next Summer comes around with
its watering-place girls and its merry, singing,
frolicsome little mosquitos. TRICOTRIN.

TWO ON A TOUR—Cable and Twain.



THANKSGIVING DAY, 1884 "LET



THE WUN SOCK MOVEMENT.

Introduction of American Ideas into China.

Mr. Wun Sock's Chinese lectures on American art and customs have made a profound impression on his countrymen, and will do much toward the introduction of Western ideas into the most conservative country in the world.

His description of the New York method of working the growler excited the deepest interest, and inspired Ah Daub, the famous Celestial artist, to execute a huge picture which he called "The Evening Beer," and which was accorded a place of honor at the Spring exhibition of the Tea Label School of Design. The details of this picture were entirely of an imaginative character. It represented the gang as a number of pastoral characters descending a blue mountain with the growler carried between them on a bamboo pole. A cat-tail in the foreground and a long-legged stork flying across the sky added to the realism of the scene.

Mr. Wun Sock's description of American pilgrims journeying, footsore and ragged, over a free lunch route, excited no small amount of discussion among the most learned scholars and mandarins, who instantly established a route in the city of Hong-Kong, and made it the most popular mode of penance for the aristocratic devotees of Joss and his auxiliary idols. Fashionable sinners, in order to obtain absolution, were commanded to stuff their garments with paper, encircle their waists with tarred twine, and, in this lowly garb, make the grand round of the free lunch tables, stopping at each one long enough to eat a kernel of rice and dodge the bung-starter.

American dishes became all the rage in a very short time, and Wun Sock expounded to the Chinese cooks the mysteries of hash, bread-crust coffee, and sassafras-tea. Every first-class

restaurant in the Chinese capital has, on its bill-of-fare, the names of a dozen American dishes, in addition to several native delicacies prepared in Occidental style. Among these items are the following:

Seaweed, on the deep.

East River dock-rat stew.

Country sausage—from our own vine-yard in Avenue B.

Roast-goose, Ludlow Street style.

Spring mice.

Old Tomcats.

In order to illustrate the depravity of the lower classes of the American people, Wun Sock displayed and described various devices for evading wash-bills, and solemnly warned his countrymen not to fall into the evil practices of the dwellers in the Occident.

A patent reversible shirt, exhibited with this benevolent intent, was confiscated by the government, who dreaded the introduction of anything which could interfere with the national Celestial industry of washing. The garment in question could be worn in six different ways, offering an entirely fresh area of starched bosom at every change. It only needed washing once in two months.

A paper-collar, twice turned, almost created a riot in Hong-Kong, and was also confiscated by the authorities.

Ah Daub, who had listened attentively to the distinguished traveler's accounts of Western customs, prepared a huge oil-painting of a Judge of the United States Supreme Court administering the oath to the President, and pausing, in the midst of that impressive ceremony, to reverse his cuffs.

IT WOULD be a good thing for John L. Sullivan if Charley Spencer had been elected District Attorney.

RAISING A PRIZE PUMPKIN.

I am a theoretical farmer. You have noticed, very likely, that theoretical farmers know a great deal more about agriculture and undergo very much less wear and tear than practical farmers. That is why I am a theoretical farmer. Wear and tear do not agree with me.

I have contributed several gems of thought to agricultural papers. I have in mind now one in reference to hand-picking turnips instead of shaking them from the tree in the ordinary way, and another giving hints for the improvement of the common egg-plant of commerce by crossing the Shanghai fowl with the Southdown hen. Both of these articles attracted a great deal of attention.

I was raised on a farm by my uncle Thomas. It gave him a great deal of trouble to raise me, particularly in the morning. But he was a determined sort of man, and when he would come up-stairs and take me by the back-hair, I would generally get up peaceably and say it was all right.

My uncle Thomas took me to raise when I was very young, and was to "find" me until he thought I was old enough to go out into the world and earn my own living; but it was not often that he could find me when he wanted me to work, though I usually turned up safe at meal-time. It has been a strange custom of my life to turn up at meal-time somewhere in the vicinity of a meal.

Farming did not agree with my health while I was with my uncle Thomas. There was too much exercise in the open air in connection with it. That is why I quit it.

I am not lazy; in fact, there is not a more industrious man than I out of the State's-prison, but I inherited a weak back from a relative who hurt his spinal-column by falling out of a neighbor's apple-tree, and when I go out in the sun and stoop over it makes me tired. And yet I have a passion for the pursuit of agriculture, if I am allowed to pursue it in my own way.

I can think of no sort of work I take more pleasure in sitting on a fence in the shade and seeing a man do than farming. I can watch him for hours as he patiently pursues his noble vocation, without feeling in the slightest fatigued. I can observe him with the deepest interest as he plows, and harrows, and plants, and cultivates, and runs into a root, and gets hit in the short ribs by the plow-handle, and is knocked out in one round. Farming is exceedingly interesting to me.

But they have tiresomely long days on a farm. When I was a sweet sad-eyed boy I was particularly impressed with this fact. I used to have to get up and go to work before eight o'clock in the morning; and when the sun would get around in a comfortable place in the western sky, it would seem to just stop there and deliberate as to whether it should go on according to schedule time or turn back. That is the way it then looked to me.

Some of my friends who were not acquainted with my constitutional weakness were accustomed to say I was a lazy boy; but I didn't care a rotten apple for a reputation for industry if I had to go out in the field and get sun-struck in the back to win it. And, aside from that, I knew then as well as I know now that lazy folks enjoy life a great deal more than industrious folks, and don't wear out their clothes.

For illustration, look at the ant—the patient, toiling little ant to whom the sluggard is invited to go for instruction and advice. See the busy little ant out in the road lugging the hind-quarter of a grasshopper seven times as big as himself; toiling and sweating and puffing and blowing, and probably swearing in his own peculiar way if he is a profane ant, trying to get his day's marketing over some slight ob-

THE SCHOOL OF POLITICS.



COLUMBIA (teacher).—"Miss New York, your answer is correct; but speak a little louder in future."

struction. Just when success seems to be within his grasp, and he stops to wipe the perspiration from his brow, and to spit on his hands before taking a fresh hold, some person wearing a number nine shoe comes along, tramps flat upon that laborious ant, and his life-work is done. He is cut off, as it were, in the midst of his youth and usefulness, and dies unmourned and unwept. All this time his lazy brother, if he has a lazy brother, is down in his hole looking on the bright side of life and reposefully humming a gay snatch of song while he waits for his industrious brother to fetch home something for dinner.

But I digress.

One day in the early Summer-time my uncle Thomas came to me as I sat on the shady side of the corn-crib trying to construct a steam-engine out of an old coffee-mill. There was a peculiar light in his eye, and an ox-goad in his near hand. He seemed to have something important to communicate.

"My son," he said—he always called me his son when he was about to put me at a hard piece of work: "my son, would you like to make five dollars in an honest and exemplary way?"

I told him I had no serious objection to making five dollars, or even ten dollars, in an honest and exemplary way, if I could do it without hurting my back.

My uncle Thomas smiled; it was a way he had when anything amused him.

"Well," he said, toying with the ox-goad in his hand: "our County Agricultural Society has offered a prize of five dollars for the biggest pumpkin, to be raised by a boy under fifteen and exhibited at the next fair. Mulberry's boy has gone into the contest, and I want you to beat him. I know I've got better ground than old man Mulberry, and if you get away with that prize I'll give you a dollar out of my own pocket. What do you say about it?"

As he was gradually drawing close to me, and was dallying with the ox-goad as if he was in the humor to strike something, I said I would try to raise a big pumpkin, as his heart seemed to be set upon it, though I felt that my youth and inexperience and weak back were against me. I felt that I was going into an unequal contest, more especially as I had learned that Mulberry's boy was studying two dead languages.

"That won't help him," said my uncle Thomas, as he bit an inch off a plug of tobacco and kicked my incompleting steam-engine under the corn-crib: "dead languages ain't worth a pickled darn to raise pumpkins with; and now you get to work afore an earthquake hits you."

As he flourished the ox-goad in a rather forthwith and reckless manner about my person, I went away so as to give him more room. He appeared to be excited, and it was my custom to withdraw from his presence when he was excited.

The farm of my uncle Thomas joined that of George P. Q. Mulberry. These men were not bosom-friends. They were always quarreling about their line-fences and one thing or another and having suits at law. Each claimed to have the most productive farm, and they did not speak as they passed by.

The interview between my uncle Thomas and myself, as related above, resulted in my going into a pumpkin-growing venture. I was furnished with seed, and had set apart for my effort a piece of ground upon which I was assured that pumpkins would thrive in a way that would astonish me.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.



"Vy I trink dot champagner wine, hey? Vell, I vant to look like a Cleveland man, don't it? Like you het lost a pottle mit me, un' vas a-payin' it, ain't it?"

I threw all the enthusiasm of a young and joyous nature into the effort; but somehow I seemed to fail. My pumpkin-vines never appeared to partake of my enthusiasm. They blossomed late, and a long bug with a black and yellow striped polonaise ate the blossoms off. After a suitable period of rest they again made a feeble effort to bear pumpkins, and finally succeeded; but the pumpkins never amounted to much. When my uncle Thomas came and looked upon the fruits of my patient toil he seemed greatly cast down. He seemed about to weep, and as he had a stick in his hand I went away that he might be alone with his grief.

A few days before the county fair at which the pumpkin prize would be awarded, I went over on the farm of George P. Q. Mulberry to see how young Mulberry's pumpkins were getting along in their mad career. The Mulberrys were away from home that day. I learned that before I went over. I found the pumpkin vineyard of young Mulberry flourishing. It contained the biggest pumpkin I had ever seen. It was a grand specimen of the pumpkin tribe. It fascinated me. It won my boyish enthusiasm and admiration. I could not tear myself away from it, so I took it with me. I carried it home and hid it in the strawstack, and went down and told the Secretary of the Agricultural Association that I would compete for the pumpkin prize.

That night I could not sleep well. I tossed restlessly upon my pillow. My conscience troubled me, and remorse gnawed at my vitals. Next morning I was up before the sun, and, hieing to the fields, I pulled the biggest pumpkin from my vines, carried it to the patch of young Mulberry, and as neatly as possible fastened it to the stem from which I had plucked the big pumpkin the day before. Then I felt better. There was nothing mean about me when I was a boy. I might, on the impulse of the moment, do a wrong act, but if I did I was always sorry for it and took the first opportunity to make amends.

I lingered a short time by the fence, and when I saw young Mulberry coming toward his pumpkin vineyard I sat down behind the fence to hear his extemporaneous remarks.

I never heard a boy talk with such fluency and variety of expression as he did when he fully realized that something had occurred. When he had used up his common everyday language he brought out his deceased tongues one after another, and for several minutes the atmosphere seemed blue about him. He swore with all the grace, ease and fluency of a professional. I was shocked, and I went home feeling glad that I had never been intimate with such a profane boy.

I dug my pumpkin out of the strawstack and took it to the fair, and it won the prize. It was a famous pumpkin, and I was proud of it. All who saw it were anxious to learn who had raised it, and when they heard it was I they were surprised.

"My dear son," said my uncle Thomas, with a strange far-away look in his eyes and in a painful tone of voice: "my dear son, did you raise that pumpkin honestly?"

"Uncle," I answered: "I cannot tell a lie; I raised that pumpkin honestly. I raised it over the fence with my own hands. It was a heavy pumpkin for a small boy with a weak back to raise all by himself, but I did it honestly."

He gave me the dollar he had promised and his blessing, and informed me I appeared to possess qualities that would make a successful man of me if I lived and could keep on the outside of the penitentiary.

He said further that it was a shame that a boy of my versatility and command of resources should be fooling away his valuable time on a farm, and that I had better start right away and look for some position in which my peculiar talents would be more appreciated and better rewarded.

He seemed to be in earnest about it, and I went.

SCOTT WAY.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA.
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA.
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA.
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper,

W. A. NOYES, 140 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

ROSS' ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE.

Sold by First-class Dealers.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Numbers 6, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 24, 25, 29, 33, 37, 38, 47, 48, 50, 53, 54, 56, 77, 79, 82, 87 and 88 of English PUCK will be bought at this office at 10 cents, and number 26 at 25 cents per copy.

AN INTERESTING VOLUME.

PUCK'S CAMPAIGN SERIES.

Those desiring to obtain the CAMPAIGN SERIES OF PUCK, (from April 16th to November 19th, 31 copies, including the famous "tattooed man" cartoons,) which covers one of the most notable and interesting political contests that has occurred in years, can procure same at this office, price \$2.50, or any desired copy at 10 cents. PUCK'S CAMPAIGN SERIES, handsomely bound in cloth, \$3.75. By mail, \$4.25.

No library or household is complete without this valuable and instructive chronicle of the Campaign of 1884.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers,

Nos. 21, 23 & 25 Warren St., N. Y.

A Glass of (so-called) French Brandy or Old Whiskey taken for Colic or Cramp will frequently produce temporary relief, but IT is merely temporary, and the dose of Brandy (?) if very fine costs 40 cents, or Whiskey 25 Cents. If no relief is produced by this, the usual tendency is to repeat the dose, in which case the investment is doubled, and sometimes trebled, and the patient's stomach, as well as his head, the worse for wear.

In cases of Cramp or Colic prompt and decisive action is required. Two teaspoonsful of BROWN'S GINGER, costing 5 cents, at most, will produce, if used in a small glassful of hot boiling water, all the good effect possible from the first dose of REAL Cognac, and has none of the re-action which is so objectionable. If it is necessary to repeat the dose there is no fear of any inebriating effect. It will save your money, save your tissues, save your stomach; you will keep your head and lose your aches and pains.

REMEMBER!

The GENUINE BROWN'S GINGER has been made for nearly sixty years in Philadelphia, by

Frederick Brown.

"Da tells me dat Cleveland is elected," said an old negro to an acquaintance.

"Yas, dat's what da says, an' I 'spect times is gwinter be much harder fur us niggers."

"Dat's jes' whar er good many pussons is mighty apt ter make er mistake. I hab found Dimmercrats an' 'Publicans mighty nigh erlike when yer works fur 'em, an' I doan' b'lebe dats it's gwinter be much different. Dar's one thing sartin. Times kain' be no wus wid me den da hab been. Er 'coon would jes' ez leave be shuck by a yaller dog ez er black one."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

"ARE you fond of rowing, Miss Smithers?"

Miss Smithers is a Boston girl, and the twain were out in a boat.

"Oh, very fond of it, indeed. I think it such lovely exercise."

"Have you rowed very much this season?"

"Yes," Miss Smithers replied, with a little cultured cough behind her hand: "I have ridden a great deal."—*New York Sun*.

THE Secretary of the Interior has struck a blow at the legitimate drama. He has ordered Sitting Bull and his band back to their reservation. There are a number of theatrical companies on the road who would regard it as a great favor if the Secretary would order them back to the reservation at the government's expense. It would save them a long walk.—*Norristown Herald*.

A MAN arrested in northern Texas for counterfeiting had six different dies. If he had been arrested for stealing a horse, he would have had one die.—*Texas Siftings*.

PHYSICIANS and Druggists recommend Brown's Iron Bitters as the Best Tonic. Combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, it quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers & Neuralgia. An unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver. Invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. Enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, strengthens the muscles & nerves. Does not injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation; all other Iron medicines do. Genuine has



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Mama: "That is a fur-store window, and the animals are seals and bears."

"Is they alive?"

"Oh, no. They were shot and stuffed, and then stood up to look as if they were alive."

"Who are those ladies in the window by them, mama?"

"They are dressed-up figures to show the new styles in furs."

"Ain't the ladies alive?"

"No, pet."

"Was they shot and stuffed, too?"—*Philadelphia Call.*

A YOUNG man who was jilted by his girl, and subsequently married her, says she treated him like a bottle of patent medicine. He was "shaken" before taken.—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

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[The above Picture shows a person using the Pillow-Inhaler.]

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Sweep through the forest's arches,
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And bend the leafless larches;
When plumbers wear their brightest smiles,
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The level-headed merchant gives
His thoughts to advertising.

—*Boston Courier.*

In speaking of the girl to whom he was engaged he referred to her as his "financée."

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"I don't care how it is pronounced. That girl is my fiancée. She's worth \$30,000."—*New York Sun.*

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"I would do it but for one thing," he said.

"What is that?"

"Some other fellow would luxuriate on the insurance."

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And I know she is trying to get that check

I promised last week for a new silk dress.

—*Boston Courier.*

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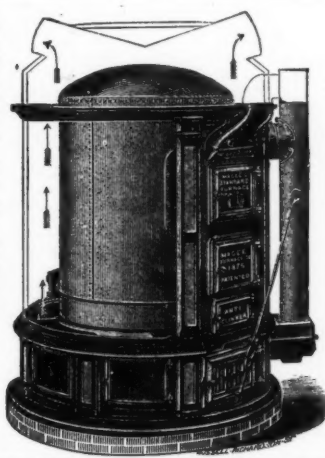
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RONDEAU.

Love will come back across the waste of years
With smile—so mocking in the long ago—
A-weary of his wandering to and fro,
Where tender feet left crimson prints in snow,
And tender eyes grew dim; a-thrill with fears
If round his neck fond arms again may grow.
Love will come back.

The poet paused, then suddenly cried: "Bow
The rhyming dictionary and the jeers
Of critics at my chestnuts; now I know
Where I can work them off; hip, hip, three
cheers.

Love will come back!"

—J. P. Bock, in *Philadelphia News*.

"WHAT is the matter?" asked Briggs, the
plumber, of his partner.

"I've made the greatest mistake of my life.
Did you know Simpson has just fallen heir to a
large fortune?"

"Yes; didn't you?"

"No, and I have sent him a bill for only
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"AREN'T you in a good deal of a hurry about
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